

# JUDITH AND THE ADVERTISERS

## PART II.

BY ANNE SHANNON MONROE

MONDAY morning Judith appeared at "The Mist" office as early as she dared, ready to go to work. She wore a snowy linen suit and a droopy, straw-colored hat that capped her head snugly and over the brim of which peeped saucy marguerites whose golden brown centers might have caught their color from the smooth bands of hair beneath.

When the new Eastern editor, Franklin Jones, who had been at his desk since midnight, lifted tired gray eyes from the perusal of "copy," and beheld her there, eager, expectant, flushed, a little shy now that the Great Hope was a fact, he gave a start and rose hastily before he remembered that this dew-fresh flower of a Western girl was in his employ. As hastily he sat down again, and nodded toward the chair by the side of his desk. He wore no coat, and his crisp, dark hair was disheveled by a green eyeshade which he had pushed back and neglected to remove.

"You are still quite sure you want to be a newspaper woman?" he asked.

The vibrancy of his rarely low voice thrilled Judith.

"Don't you want to change your mind—Princess?"

"Oh, yes—oh, no!" exclaimed Judith, dropping quickly into the chair and beginning to peel off her long silk gloves. "I am ready to begin." Though a little frightened, she looked back at the decidedly reluctant young editor wholly determined.

"Very good. We will get down to business at once."

Almost magical was the metamorphosis. Protecting masculinity fled; appeared an impersonal employer. Judith had a sudden sense of loss.

"In the first place, you must know that everything pertaining to your work belongs strictly to yourself and to me."

"I understand that, Mr. Jones."

"Good! Now listen. A newspaper lives, as you may or may not know, by its advertising. 'The Mist's' advertising problems have been comparatively few in the past, it being the only daily in town; but Latoona is to have an afternoon paper, 'The Union,' one of a chain backed by immense capital. We've got to nail everything before it makes its appearance. I have a new advertising manager from the East, Mr. Ricker, who with your help should do it."

Judith's face fell. What had she to do with advertising? She wanted to be a newspaper woman—that only.

"My plan is this," the editor went on: "To start a department to be called 'The Business Barometer.' It will be to business men what the society page is to society women. You are to pick up the news items. Do you catch the idea?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Jones." Judith's face was radiant again. This was really newspaper work, after all!

"But wait, I haven't finished. The underlying purpose of your column is to get one man, old Hooker, of Hooker & Son, the big department store people. He quit advertising in 'The Mist' a month ago." He looked at Judith sharply. "He quit for a reason. Did you follow that Orenson gambling house scandal, when we hounded Orenson out of business and out of town? Well, Orenson was protected by Hooker. The old man owned the building. His yearly contract with us expired at the time, and he offered to quadruple it if we would let up on Orenson. We refused, and he dropped us. Of course he will go in 'The Union' strong, and this will eventually carry all the other stores. We've got to get him back." The editor's breath came quickly.

"And I am to—"

"You are to be the tactful little lady who will smooth down his ruffled feathers. Manage your column with 'Hooker & Son' as the sky sign. Soften his heart toward 'The Mist.' Ricker will do the rest."

"I think," said Judith, rising, "it will be rather fun."



"I know how hard it is. I have a brother who used to worry Mother so. But he's as straight as straight now. Your boy will be too."

"Don't waste time on the son." There was a sudden sharp check in the young editor's voice, an arresting look in his serious gray eyes. "Remember, he is only a figurehead."

"I won't," Judith threw back gaily, and went out.

The very good looking young editor sat some moments gazing after her, his eyes fixed on a possibility in the distance that apparently he did not like. At last he threw it in with the day's uncertainties, gathered himself together, and settled back to his copy.

JUDITH spent the remainder of the morning with the advertising manager listing advertisers and prospects. After lunch she began to make calls. The men greeted her so pleasantly and gave her so many good items that by the middle of the afternoon she was nerved up to the point of calling on Hooker & Son. She knew the great department store well. It was the first of the kind in the Western city, and from its beautiful tearoom on the top floor, in charge of a domestic science graduate from an Eastern college, to its basement, glorious in possible bargains, it swarmed with Latoona's "best" people.

The moment Judith stepped into the store she experienced a feeling of joyous uplift. She went at once to the tearoom, and found Miss Olney, the wholesome, pleasant-faced young woman who had sidestepped Greek and Latin for the mixing bowl.

"Come talk to me," she said excitedly. "I'm after news." Her voice had that ringing quality of one new to her work and loving it.

"You're really on the paper at last?" Miss Olney exclaimed in delighted tones, leading the way to a secluded corner. She knew Judith's long-cherished ambition.

"Yes, and I shall be coming to see you every few days. Now tell me, what is Mr. Hooker like? He must have a soul for fine things, he does everything so beautifully," Judith added, as she gazed admiringly about at the restful, wood-green walls, the soft-hued rugs, the attractive little tables.

Miss Olney shrugged her shoulders. "He has a soul for the almighty dollar, my dear." She hesitated, then came out with it. "The old man is as ugly as sin, Judith; but of course he's got the brains. They say he used to sleep on his counter and cook his meals over an alcohol lamp when he was getting his start back in Chicago. The son is pretty rapid; but he's the apple of his dad's eye."

"And the mother?"

"Sort of Hetty Greenish. Nobody really knows her; but she is a whip hand in the business. They say she was the old man's clerk when he started."

"I think," said Judith, her head meditatively to one side, "I'll meet Mother."

JUDITH found the offices, which were situated on the same floor as the tearoom, and pushing back a door stepped into a small reception room out of which near the entrance two doors opened. On one was a name, Frederick Hooker. She rapped.

A pause; then an uncertain voice broke on the words, "Come in."

She opened the door. The air was blue with tobacco smoke. Back of a handsome, unused mahogany desk a long, thin, dissipated looking young man had draped himself in relaxed disorder over a swivel chair. A cigarette was between his lips, a network of nervous lines marred a high, narrow brow. Judith stood just within the doorway, her lips parted in smiling expectancy, her eyes shining. As though a fresh breeze had blown in, the young man revived; his eyes lighted; he dropped his leg from the chair arm and laid down his cigarette.

"I am looking for Mrs. Hooker," Judith said. "Is she in?"

"In New York. How'll I do?" The leer on the white, twitching

face was not pleasant to see.

"I'm gathering news for 'The Mist,'" Judith explained, the merest quaver of her voice betraying her uneasiness, "and you have given me one item already. Any other store news?"

Young Hooker's brow gathered into an ugly knot. "You're in wrong," he snarled. "We've no news for 'The Mist.'"

"It doesn't have to be such really truly news," Judith took him up, innocently ignoring his implication: "just any items that will write up entertainingly. I've been in the tearoom talking with Miss Olney. Do you know I think your father must have a perfect genius for picking people. I'd love to meet him."

"Not bad at that myself—picking people." The young man ogled her in a way that frightened Judith more than had his brusqueness. "Fine view from this window," he jerked his head toward the great pane of plate glass. Judith went over to the window and gazed upon the lovely city spread out below.

"You must love it—up here," she risked.

"Say, what's your game?" he asked, getting to his feet and going close to her. His breath was strong of liquor.

"Oh, I'm just doing my best to hold down a job on a newspaper." Judith tried to speak easily; but how she did wish she had remained on the other side of the desk! He was so tall and hovered so distressingly near!

"You oughtn't to have any trouble holding anything down." He lurched nearer.

"I suppose I oughtn't," she darted quickly to the door; "but just the same if I don't hurry back with my items I shall. I'll see your father some other day," she added shakily, her hand safely on the knob. "Thank you—and goodby."

The young man gazed after her, his face anything but reassuring with its swelling nostrils and weak, drunken leer.

WELL, Princess," said the editor, in his low, rich voice, which thrilled Judith as it always did when he called her "Princess"—or was it the sensitive



tremble of his finely shaped lips? "how's it going?"

Judith handed him her copy. "Splendidly!" she declared.

He ran his eye over the pages. "So you tackled the old man at once. Disagreeable?"

"I didn't meet the old man," Judith explained, blushing: "just the son."

"The son!" He looked at her sharply. "I told you not to bother with the son," he added more gently. "He is only a figurehead, you know. Get after the old man."

JUDITH'S column grew in interest. There was only one shadow in the sunshine of her wonderful days since she had become a newspaper woman,—she dreaded a return to the very private offices of Hooker & Son; yet she didn't dare intimate as much to her editor. She remembered all too vividly her first interview with Jones and his insistence that newspaper work was not fit for a nice girl. Should she betray to him her fears, it would only set him in his conviction. He might even take her off the work altogether, and she could risk anything but that. Whatever happened, he must not get an inkling of the situation.

Friday morning, unable to put it off any longer, and hoping against hope that young Hooker was safe in bed, a late sleeper, she went to the great department store and took the elevator at once for the top floor. The same voice answered her rap. In a panic Judith's first thought was to turn and run; but, controlling the impulse, she went in. Young Hooker was there as before, more red about his pale eyes, more white about his colorless lips. On seeing her he made an effort to sit up.

"Well, well, Shinin' Eyes! Still chasin' news?"

"Good morning, Mr. Hooker," she answered as steadily as she could, though her heart began to thump loudly. "Is your father in?"

"Say," he came back peevishly, "didn't you ever happen to notice that our sign runs 'Hooker & Son'?"

"I beg your pardon. Certainly you will do quite as well. What is new?"

"My bein' a business man." He laughed foolishly. Judith saw that, though it was early, he had already been drinking. She kept nervously between him and the door; but he did not attempt to get to his feet. "Ol' man's got a bright idea," he rambled on in a maudlin tone. "Thanks if I'm glued to this chair long enough I'll sprout into a business man. Humor him, I say—humor him—nothin' easier—humor him. Not a bad ol' sort. Played pretty white with me in that Orenson business. You see they had the papers showin' I'd married their girl—though when in thunder it happened—but they had the papers, and you can't beat papers. Only way they'd let me off was for Dad to force 'The Mist' to let up on Orenson, and—Hello! you're that 'Mist' girl!" He blinked hard, lifted his head; but presently again dropped his chin to his chest. "What was I sayin'? Oh, yes—ol' man played pretty white—"

"I'll call again," said Judith, and escaped.

OUTSIDE she stood still with her hands tightly clenched together. Here was news for her editor, big news! Young Hooker, under liquor, had become entangled with that awful family of gamblers! Years ago there had been trouble with her brother Sam in that same quarter. Queer, but Sam was such an old sober-sides now, never touched a card, and so fussy about her! If he dreamed where she was at this very minute—then her thoughts flew back to her editor and her big news. This accounted for Old Man Hooker's bitter fight against "The Mist." It wasn't merely a matter of property and rents: it went deeper, it was a fight for his boy. She must hurry straight to the office and tell Mr. Jones at once. It would affect things.

As she started toward the door, it opened to admit a large, plain woman of middle age, whose face wore the look of an agonized mother hurrying to a child on the brink of danger. Judith knew that look. It swept full into her memory from days of long ago. She had seen it on her own mother's face as she paced the floor hour after hour waiting for Sam to come home. She was seized by an overwhelming desire to shield this mother from the sight she would find within. She went impulsively to meet her.

"It is Mrs. Hooker, I know. I do

so want an interview with you!" she pleaded. "I am Miss Wells of 'The Mist.'"

"Why do you so want an interview with me?" the older woman challenged coldly, inexpressiveness sweeping over her like a mask.

"Perhaps—just because I am new on the paper and can't bear to fail."

Mrs. Hooker studied her a moment. In the eager, childish face, the intensely bright eyes, the short, rapid breathing, she apparently saw an inexperienced young business woman pursuing her day's work with difficulty. She turned to the right, opened a door that bore no name, and invited Judith in. The office was plain and workaday looking,—a desk littered with correspondence, walls lined with files. The older woman sat down and began to remove her gloves.

"Now what is it?" she asked, in level, controlled tones. "Be seated."

"Are the skirts in New York really as narrow as the papers say?" Judith wanted to know.

"My dear, if you could see them! But the slit helps."

"And do really nice women wear them?"

They were off on a talk about styles. A half-hour later Judith went away with a very good story, and with the consciousness that she had given the son time in which to become a little more presentable,—how she hoped he had!—but also burdened with that most distressing of loads, a divided sense of duty,—the Hooker mother on one side, her editor on the other.

WELL done, Princess!" the editor said, glancing through her copy. "I must say you are handling this column just as tactfully as it possibly could be handled. You're on the right tack, seeing the Hooker mother. Don't waste any time on that dissolute son." He read on down, smiling and nodding his head in approval over each line.

Judith, trembling by his desk, had an idea. Why not ask Mr. Jones the Man whether it was absolutely her duty to give her big news to Mr. Jones the Editor? He was so distinctly the two people to her, and to the Man she could say anything: she was awed and silenced only by the editor. She lifted her head, her lips parted. His eyes left the page, he looked down at her, his manner inviting, almost compelling, confidence. Frightened because her news was so nearly out, more frightened at the thought of not giving it to him, she hurriedly said goodnight and left.

THE next day as Judith went on her rounds the load grew hourly heavier. She had no right, as she well knew, to withhold a valuable piece of news pertaining

to an assignment. Besides going against newspaper ethics, she knew that it was a critical time in the life of "The Mist." "The Union," now a week old, already carried a full page of Hooker & Son's advertising, and the other stores were beginning to follow the bell wether. But Judith did not need to study the situation between the two papers. The heavy lines that had sunk to each side of her editor's mouth, the shadow that lay back in his serious gray eyes, told her of his anxiety. She easily guessed that he was running on small capital: he could not afford to go behind. And here she was possessed of a fact that could force the big store into line, and she was deliberately withholding it, all because of—a distressed mother who was nothing to her!

Friday, her day for visiting the department store, without an idea on earth except to go late in the hope of escaping the son, she took an elevator to the top floor. As she pushed open the office door she came face to face with a large, blowzy, flashily dressed woman who had just emerged from Mrs. Hooker's office, evidently in a bad temper. The two almost collided. The blowzy woman fell back.

"Oh, you're that classy 'Mist' reporter!" she said in a voice purposely elevated. "Well, I guess I could give you a story with some class to it, all right!"

A door flew open, and Mrs. Hooker, every inch the mother protecting her young, flew out. The woman gave a hard laugh, pushed past Judith, and was gone. Judith followed the older woman back into her office.

"Mrs. Hooker," she said impulsively, "I know all about it. He told me—your son—when he wasn't quite—quite himself. She can't tell me anything. I've known it for—days!"

The mother looked coldly upon the young girl.

"But I wouldn't use it, not for anything in the world!" Judith went on, her voice shaking. "I'll—I'll never use it, Mrs. Hooker. I know how hard it is. I have a brother who used to worry Mother so. He got in with that awful crowd of gamblers too. But he's as straight as straight now, Sam is. Your boy will be too—some day."

The older woman sank into her chair and buried her face in her hands. Presently she put out a large, capable hand, and Judith nestled a small pink one in it. Thus they sat for some moments. The mother's eyes were red with unshed tears; the tears welled up to Judith's lids.

"Poor Fred is sick of it all," she said at last with a heavy sigh. "He wants to begin anew—to make a business man of himself. And he will—if we can only keep this scandal out of the papers." She seemed to have forgotten that she was talking with a reporter. "Life is hard," she went on slowly. "You begin hard and live hard for years to get on your feet and make things easier for your children, to give them a place in the world; then all you have labored and sweated to give them proves a curse. Better—almost better—the grind of poverty. All my babies died—all but Fred," she said almost in a whisper. "They couldn't survive the Chicago heat, and we couldn't take them out of town. I used to pray for ice—just ice! Fred's all I've got!"

The tears rolled over Judith's lids.

"He's all I've got!" the mother repeated to no one at all, still staring helplessly into space.

The door opened, and a gnarled, wrinkled, warty little man with twisted body and sunken chest peered in.

"I'll go now," Judith said. She slipped quickly past the very ugly owner of Latona's largest and most beautiful department store.

WAIT a moment, Princess—not so fast! That was a good stunt, playing up young Hooker as taking an active interest in the business. He doesn't amount to a hill o' beans; but it will please the old man. By the way, did you see the son this time?"

"No, only the mother," Judith gasped breathlessly and fled. Oh, what if she should tell him, after all? It was so hard, so almost impossible, to keep anything back when he said "Princess" in that tone—and when his lip trembled.

NOW that Judith was pledged to secrecy the position was almost unbearable. She slept little that night, and she rose the next morning more fagged than when she had gone to bed. Her mother protested that newspaper work would be the death of her, and even Sam urged her to



On the heels of the nervous, broken words came another voice, low, ringing, distinct.

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## WORTH WHILE FOLK THE ORIGINAL BIG SISTER

A LITTLE girl stood sobbing among a group of kindred unfortunates in the dingy old room of the Manhattan Juvenile Court one morning three years ago. Her dress was ragged and soiled, her face unwashed, her hair disheveled, her cheeks pinched for lack of nourishing food, her eyes swollen with weeping, and her heart a hunger for an understanding sympathy.

The child's unworthy father had deserted the mother, then ill and unable to provide for her. As an "abandoned child" she had been brought to court, where through the usual channels of public charity some judicial provision might be made for her care. She was barely old enough to realize how grievously alone she stood.

By happy chance there had come to court that morning a woman whose personality was notably in contrast with the everyday assembly of mothers present in connection with the arraignment of their children, and presently the sobbing little girl realized that an arm had been tenderly placed about her and that a gentle-voiced woman was whispering kind words to her.

And when called to the bar her patron stood by her side, consulting with the Judge as to the disposition of her case. In conclusion the court gave the visitor charge of the little waif, who thereby escaped the discomforts of a public asylum and found protection in a private home later provided for her.

Following this first visit to the court the visitor called often, and such incidents were of increasing frequency. It was the little girls to whom she directed her special attention, and particularly those of the Protestant faith. Catholic and Hebrew organizations, long established, ably cared for needy children of their creed and race. Protestant boys were already being cared for by the then five-year-old society of Big Brothers.

THUS did Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Sr., begin and for some years continue her missionary work of investigation in the New York Children's Court, preparatory to a comprehensive movement looking to the care, protection, and rescue of little girls discovered in need of such attention. And she is yet a familiar figure in this court.

During this preliminary work her uplifting influence on the people she visited was almost invariably reflected in marked improvement in home conditions, a general putting of the house in order. The clothes given the children were kept in repair and presentably clean, and the children's hands and faces were clean too,—morning, noon, and night, at least,—and in most cases a bath to them was no longer a thing of mystery. Mother tidied up the rooms, and her person. Father, with a steady job now, took an interest in his home and personal appearance, and the corner saloon saw less of him since the Woman Who Cares had given him a new vision of his paternal responsibilities.

At the time the Big Brother Society was organized, some three years after the Children's Court was established in New York, it was not believed necessary to take into consideration any definite proposition looking to the care of little girls, "since most of them are easily taken care of from the very nature of their cases."

Mrs. Vanderbilt, however, with her keen insight and understanding of every phase of social conditions, looked more deeply into the situation. From her first survey of this field she recognized a condition in nearly every case of moral delinquency that would require intelligent direction in the reclamation of these unfortunate girls, who in most instances were victims of circumstance and environment rather than wilful offenders.

It was because of this conviction that Mrs. Vanderbilt began her visits of personal investigation to the Children's Court, from which has developed the now well organized Society of Big Sisters, of which, as the original Big Sister, she is president and leading spirit. Mrs. Vanderbilt found that such girls were not so much in need of punitive correction, institutional restraint, or the judicial protection offered by the court, as they were of words of encouragement, the kindly aid of human hearts and hands, the careful guardianship of a friend, the directing influence of a woman who heartfully cared,—of a really and truly Big Sister.

In the cases of moral delinquency that came before the court, and especially those in which the circumstances left no alternative than that of commitment to a correctional institution, Mrs. Vanderbilt interceded with the Judge to parole the girl in her care. Whereupon she was immediately removed as far as possible from associations that had led to her misfortune. New surroundings were usually provided in the

home of a respectable family, which was paid for her care.

Here Mrs. Vanderbilt visited her, wrote to her, furnished her books to read, took her for an auto ride through the park or to see a good play, and with others of her protégées on excursions to country or seashore, or entertained them for an evening in her own home. But never a word of the past, no scolding, no preaching: only wholesome encouragement for the present, cheering promise for the future, and always the personal touch, the heart-to-heart relation as between the Big and Little Sister.

Although Mrs. Vanderbilt was soon giving her almost undivided attention to this individual Big Sister work, the cases required so rapidly that she quickly found the work too heavy for one woman to carry on satisfactorily and successfully. At this point she called to her aid her two married sisters, Mrs. F. C. Havemeyer and Mrs. Stephen H. Olin, and later many others.

The number of little girls necessary to care for in homes other than their own increased to such an extent that it was found advisable to establish a Little Sisters' Home, which was done at Great Neck, Long Island. This home was recently destroyed by fire, and a new and more pretentious home has been provided on a farm near White Plains. In the meantime the original Big Sister workers were organized, with a complete staff of officers, secretaries, and field workers, to secure a more concerted effort for the movement, and within the year it has been incorporated for the purpose of receiving donations and legacies. Although the active members number less than two hundred, there are many associate members who lend their moral and financial support.

As with the work of the Big Brothers, the spirit of the Big Sister movement is rapidly developing throughout the country, and similar societies have been formed in Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Minneapolis, St. Louis, and other cities.

—Richard M. Winans



Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Sr.

## JUDITH AND THE ADVERTISERS

Continued from page 5

"cut it out." She fluttered nervously through the forenoon's calls, then went to the tearoom, where she was temporarily cheered by a good talk with Miss Olney, whose wholesomeness served to steady her.

Miss Olney had just left her to finish her lunch alone, when Judith saw young Hooker enter through the swinging doors. He gazed about the room; then, seeing her, came directly to her table. Instant flight was Judith's first thought. This being incompatible with dignity, she waited.

The young man lifted his hat. "May I sit down here?"

"Certainly," said Judith; "but I am just going."

"Wait, I want to talk with you." He signaled a waitress and ordered a pot of strong coffee. "You're a great little reporter."

"I am only a beginner," Judith said helplessly.

"You'll soon have the ropes."

Judith waited.

"Have you ever been in love?" he asked with sudden desperate earnestness.

Judith colored. "I—I don't think so—not really."

He leaned nearer. His eyes were blood-shot and burning; but his breath was free of liquor. "Suppose you did love someone with all there was of you—and you made a complete fool of yourself—and stood to lose—lose all that life could give—all that mattered—you get me?"

"Oh, yes!" In a flash the situation became real to Judith's vivid imagination. Her sensitive face flushed, her eyes grew soft and tender. The man, desperately in earnest, was leaning very close and speaking very low; for the neighboring tables were full. Suddenly, bending still closer, his thin, nerveless hand gripped hers.

"Then help me by keeping still," he whispered. "Be a good sport—Mother's told me."

On the heels of the nervous, broken words came another voice, low, ringing, distinct. "No, I thank you, I won't wait for a table." Judith quickly drew away her hand and lifted her eyes to those of her editor. He stood not six feet away, hat in hand, his broad shoulders straightened back, his massive head well up, looking handsomer than she had ever seen him. He met her look, smiled with aloof politeness, then turned and went out.

"You get me?" Young Hooker insisted in low, intense tones. "To face the loss of everything on earth one values at one stroke—when there's the merest chance—the shadow of a chance."

Judith was not listening. She had gone deathly white. But she knew—oh, she knew!

"Stand by me now, and you'll never regret it," the young man went on in low, hot whispers. "We'll let bygones be bygones, and go back to 'The Mist.' It's straight business for me from now on—square deal all round. What can I do for you?"

"Nothing," Judith breathed, "nothing."

"You're a good little sport. Shake!" He again seized her hand, then rose and went quickly out.

The dining room cleared, the waitresses prepared for the afternoon's tea onslaught, and still Judith sat on, dazed and motionless. Only to think of her editor looking at her like that! It was disillusionment, it was disappointment, it was the Man Jones' "I told you so" answer to her girlish attempt to be a newspaper woman. But she could explain. She suddenly aroused from the lethargy—of course she could explain! She sprang up and hurried out, forgetting her check, forgetting to pay. She would explain! She would tell him everything now—now that it could do no harm—and he must see her side of it—he must accept her reasons!

"OH, Mr. Jones," she began excitedly, as she burst through the swinging doors into her chief's private office, "I must tell you—"

Deliberately he lifted his eyes from his work; but he did not push back the green eyeshade, and his pencil kept its place on his copy. Something in his face checked her. "You have succeeded—Ricker just told me of Hooker's phone message for space. I congratulate you. Your pay will be raised to twenty dollars a week." He paused. "You will remember," he added in an ironical tone, all the editor's, "I did not say a young woman could not do it: I said it was a pity, Miss Wells."

Slowly, without a word, Judith drew back, her confession dead on her lips. In quiet dignity she turned and left the office.

The third story in this series will appear in an early issue.